

# MARSHALL COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD FALL ALIKE UPON THE RICH AND THE POOR—JACKSON.

VOL. 1,

PLYMOUTH, IND. JULY 3, 1856.

NO. 34.

## Business Directory.

**THE MARSHALL DEMOCRAT,**  
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY  
T. McDONALD, and H. B. DICKSON.

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At the end of six months, ..... \$2.50  
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**LIVERY STABLE, BY SHAS THIBBETS,**  
Washington street, ..... Plymouth, Ind.

**LIVERY STABLE, BY W. M. PATTER-**  
SON, ..... Plymouth, Ind.

## Selected Poetry.

### A WIFE WANTED.

Ye fair ones attend, I've an offer to make you—  
In hymen's soft bonds I am anxious to tie;  
For better, for worse, I would like a selection  
Which none will fail the description I give.

I neither expect, nor can hope for perfection,  
For that never yet was a Bachelor's lot;  
But, choosing a wife, I'd make a selection  
Which none will fail the description I give.

I'd have, let me say—I'd not have a beauty,  
For the beautiful women are apt to be vain;  
Yet, with a small share, I would think it a duty,  
To take her, be thankful and never complain.

Her form must be good, without art to constrain it,  
And rather above than below middle size,  
A something that puzzles my brain to explain it,  
Like elegant language must flow from her eyes.

She must be well bred, or I cannot respect her,  
Good natured and modest, but not very coy;  
Her mind well informed—'tis the principal matter  
That sweetens the cup of matrimonial joy.

Her home she must love, and domestic employ-  
ment,  
Have practical knowledge of household affairs,  
And make it a part of her highest enjoyment  
To sooth my troubles, and lighten my cares.

Herage I would have it at least to be twenty,  
But not to exceed twenty-five at the most;  
And the girls of that age being everywhere plenty,  
I hope to get one of that numerous host.

Not fortune I ask—I have no predilections  
For glitter or show, or the pomp of high life;  
I wish to be bound by the ties of affection,  
And now I have drawn you the sketch of a wife.

From Harpers Magazine.

### THE COMITIA ARE AT HAND.

Within a few months the people will be

convened at the polls, and a few short hours

in a chill November day, will determine

the political destinies of the Great Repub-

lic for the next four years. The lofty and

legitimate ambitions of some, the sordid

hopes and fears of others, the material ex-

istence of thousands, will be determined

by the result of those active hours.

With politics as such we can have nei-

ther art nor part. To other organs of pub-

lic opinion (and their name is legion) is

left the warfare of parties; but no Ameri-

can citizen ever disfranchises himself, no

true American citizen ever loses his inter-

est in the welfare of his country; nor can

he ever contemplate the approach of a new

presidential term without interest and an-

xiety. The vast power and influence of the

office of Chief Magistrate, the serious con-

sequences of the struggle, must, on these

occasions, ever kindle keen emotions in

the breasts of all who are not ensnared by

pecuniary cares, or wrapped in the selfish

indifference that luxury engenders.

The world has never heretofore seen any

thing like these elections. A philosophical

inquirer might ask, whether it was by

accident or design that these wonderful old

Romans limited the consular term to a single

year; thus immensely reducing the value

of the highest prize in the great demo-

cratic lottery. At all events the popular

convocations of Greece and Rome were

child's play compared to ours. Never before

has the world seen such formidable

masses of civil combatants; so much tu-

mult and disorder, so much organization

and systematic discipline; so much reck-

less license of speech and press, so much

grave discussion of the gravest topics; so

much froth and foam, so much reason and

logic; so many of all classes commingled

in a contest where neither birth nor pos-

sition, nor any of the merely adventitious

aids to fortune avail anything; and what is

most remarkable of all, never before has

the world seen such frenzied violence dur-

ing a contest, such tranquil submission af-

ter it.

The character of the mind of America

is peculiarly marked as are the great

features of its nature. On the outside one

would think it all extravagance and license.

The whole of the Chuzzlewit race stand

aghast at its reckless demeanor. History

has no record of such unchecked freedom

of speech, and such extremes of avowed

opinion, as are matters of daily occurrence

here. On the subject of temperance, of

women, of slavery, of marriage, the most

ultra, the most uncompromising theories

are daily promulgated from press and pul-

pit, from lecture-room and tribune, with a

vehemence that seems to threaten the safe-

ty of the spheres. Men of sober judg-

ment in all other relations of life, rave and

rant like mad fakirs and dervises. Women

of unimpeached modesty and reserve

enter the arena as boldly as if they were

trained to the gladiatorial fight. But dur-

ing all this time the great body of our peo-

ple, grave, thoughtful, laborious, and per-

severing, calmly, and without disturbance,

move on in the pursuit of their various in-

terests, utterly regardless of those novel

and interesting theories that threaten to

overrule the laws of gravitation, and to un-

ship the solar system itself.

In politics how changeable are we, and

yet how constant! how fickle and yet how

serene! A kaleidoscope can not outdo the

rapidity with which the personnel of our

political world changes. Every year pro-

duces a new crop of public service-le-

aders, orators, statesmen, everything but

Man. Our laws are like the leaves in

Valambrosa's vale. Every year we get

into well-dissembled convulsions on the

subject of finance or trade, of war or dis-

union. As the inhabitant of the Dismal

Swamp says, he is raised on fever and

ague—an intermittent seems to be the nor-

mal state of our constitution; we are al-

ways in the cold fit or the hot fit; but to

the fundamental principles of Liberty and

Equality, to the great idea of Union, and

to the Constitution which secures that Union,

the American mind is constant as the

needle to the pole.

The European world; crammed full of

conservatives and conservatism, with ar-

mies for policemen, every other town a cit-

adel, and bristling all over, like the fireball

porcupine, with infernal implements of at-

tack and defense; the European world sways

like a reed before the revolutionary blast.

It is hardly eight years since all the old

monarchies and empires threatened, like

dissolving views, to melt away before our

eyes. France, the harlequin of nations,

exhibits herself, every generation, in half

a dozen new liveries; and even England,

the "old foggy" of the world, looks out with

alarm from her ancient feudal bulwarks on

the waves that are beating against her ven-

erable system.

All those countries have within them the

elements of self destruction—deadly hos-

tilities to their form of government, bloody

political hatreds, deep hereditary feuds,

furious religious enmities. But amidst the

howling of this distant storm the American

world rides at single anchor, like a ship in

quiet roadstead. Our troubles are all on

the surface, our diseases all cutaneous eruptions;

our loud talking and fierce writing is

rather a matter of conversational display

and literary excitement than any real pas-

sion; and this is the only country of which,

perhaps, it can with truth be said that the

crime of treason is practically unknown.

Let us, then, contemplate the coming

elections in the light of this American spir-

it, and observe the securities we have that

we shall ride out this gale, like all its pre-

decessors, in safety and honor. Let us put

party out of sight; let us cease to care a

pinch of snuff for the election of Fillmore;

let us be philosophically indifferent wheth-

er the Republicans put forward Fremont,

Seward, or McLane; whether the Demo-

crats bring out Pierce, Buchanan, or Doug-

lass. Let us look beyond and above the

smoke of this petty conflict to the great

future that spreads itself before us; look

upward to the Stars and Stripes, which,

like the ancient god Terminus, in the balmy

days of Rome, have never yet receded in

the march of empire; think only of the be-

nevolent government under which we live;

of the moral liberties attendant on its birth;

of the high hopes of all good men, that,

like flaming gales, have thus far borne us

along on a smiling sea. Let us look at the

approaching elections not as adherents of

any party, but as Americans in the true

sense of the word.

What, then, are the great conservative,

preservative principles of the American

mind on which, wholly independent of

party ties and party allegiance, reliance can

be placed? What are the sheet anchors of

the Republic?

Attachment to the Union. There is noth-

ing more striking in our annals the uniform

and steady growth of the feeling of the

Union. We of this age are apt to imag-

ine that in this, as in other things, as it

now is so it always was, but a very little

study of our history serves to dispel this

error. The first conviction of the great

men of the Revolution, of the men before

the Stamp Act Congress of 1765, of the

Congress of 1774, was the vital necessity

of the formation of a strict and intimate

union of the Colonies; but how slow and

painful a task was it to impress this truth

upon the minds of the people of the differ-

ent sovereignties; how many local jealous-

ies, how many petty ambitions was it ne-

cessary to extinguish to crush before the

creation of the statesmen of the heric age

of the Republic could be brought into ex-

istence? Slow and niggardly were the

first grants of power to the government of

the Union. The old confederation and so